

The blissefull dew of heaven do's arowze you.  
 The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,  
 And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*  
 Haft vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave  
 The grace of the Contention: So the Deities  
 Have shewd due justice: Beare this hence.

*Pal.* O Cosen,  
 That we should things desire, which doe cost us  
 The losse of our desire; That nought could buy  
 Deare love, but losse of deare love.

*Thes.* Never Fortune  
 Did play a subtler Game: The conquerd triumphes,  
 The victor has the Losse: yet in the passage,  
 The gods have beene most equall: *Palamon*,  
 Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th Lady  
 Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and  
 Even then proclaimd your fancie: He restord her  
 As your stolne Jewell, and desir'd your spirie  
 To send him hence forgiven; The gods my justice  
 Take from my hand, and they themselves become  
 The Executioners: Leade your Lady off;  
 And call your Lovers from the stage of death,  
 Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two  
 Let us looke sadly, and give grace unto  
 The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end  
 The visages of Bridegroomes wee put on  
 And smile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,  
 But one houre since, I was as dearely sorry,  
 As glad of *Arcite*; and am now as glad,  
 As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,  
 What things you make of us? For what we lacke  
 We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,  
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankesfull  
 For that which is, and with you leave dispute  
 That are above our question: Let's goe off,  
 And beare us like the time.

*Florish. Exeunt.*

*Epilogue.*

## EPILOGVE.

**I** Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,  
 But as it is with Schoole Boyes, cannot say,  
 I am cruell fearefull: pray yet stay a while,  
 And let me looke upon ye: No man smile?  
 Then it goes hard I see; He that has  
 Low'd a yong handsome wench then, show his face:  
 Tis strange if none be heere, and if he will  
 Against his Conscience let him hisse, and kill  
 Our Market: Tis in vaine, I see to stay yee,  
 Have at the worst can come, then; Now what say ye?  
 And yet mistake me not: I am not bold  
 We have no such cause. If the tale we have told  
 (For tis no other) any way content ye)  
 (For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)  
 We have our end; and ye shall have ere long  
 I dare say many a better, to prolong  
 Your old loves to us: we, and all our might,  
 Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

*Florish.*

FINIS.

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